

TROUBADOUR

in the Temple of the Rosy Cross,
the Heart is shielded: gods wielded
by channeling the Higher Light.
i drink with Seth Walker
as we squat on the banks of Holy Water:
the Source of Time's movement,
is a Red Thread suspended through space
stitching the cosmos with a needle.
we wend through Wood and ably whisper
of our visions to the Wind:
may it carry our bones to Abydos.
meet me there, in the sunrise,
Shepherd of Word and Necromancy
to court the Dead, as they arise in Bed, in Ecstasy.
in ancient times we were Royalty
trained in the Theosophical Art of Exigency,
our hands Marked by Flames of Ancestry—
two riders came, from both East and West:
bows exchanged, samurai and knight Crossing Paths.

DEAR MUSE,

i will protect you as you sleep
 as you have for me in waking.
 where you wander,
 a light will follow
 to aid your Shadow
 in its search for soul
 over rocky deserts
 of Arizona
 where land melts
 man's lines called civilization—
 borders are not to be born
 of map and compass
 but by bones and bodies,
 celestial autonomous zones
 where the rhizome barely touches.
 i will find you in the fog
 before you have the mischance
 to step into sadness,
 that i might drape a cape
 abroad your shoulders
 sewn of angel's tattered robes:
 a patchwork of cloud and velvet and silk
 stitched with thin strings of sinew
 taut and strong as bow of Artemis.
 wander freely, love,
 through tightly grown pines
 of mountainous night
 to meet yourself by firelight.
 stoke the embers of your freedom
 to bring back the roar
 of your truths from the top of
 the lonely peak you have chosen—
 your heart is never frozen,
 no matter how long you have
 been forced to hold it dormant
 and outside of its cradle
 in your careworn chest cavity.
 bless you, with the kiss of infinities,
 a multitude of spiral galaxies
 to grace your crown and forehead.
 i will keep ivy growing
 up the sides of the cabin
 you will build for us—
 i will help you, *team work*
makes this dream work
 because i do not write love poems:

this is an ode to your beauty
 your bloodline
 and story,
the relics kept in frames
placed on imaginary marble mantle,
the family we could create
that might aid this plane
to relinquish its dis-ease—
that is the hope of every
generation that blooms, is it not?
to enhance the Record of the species?
speak carefully, for Darkness is gentle,
our love
 a delicate blanket
made of spider web
we wove in our heads
together in bed
in moments of sleep and waking.
rest my love—i will keep watch
as i listen to the coal train
rumble on West Virginia
in the distance: eight pulls
of the ghost horn, calling
through the Appalachian night.
do not contain your wandering
as i once harnessed
my headspace as healer
who neglected herself—
all those hours in training
have brought me to adopt
the nature of a mother bear:
to care fiercely
and nurture what is held
in the subtle field between us:
a magnolia blossom
plucked from your neighbor's tree
when he's not looking,
a glass vase full of water
and wanting flowers,
stems to drink
from the fluid thoughts of dream-world,
where, my god, i pray you dance.

SPIDER WEBS DRAIN OUT OF YOUR HEAD

i was living in an old house, some kind of group-home situation with a middle-aged woman with dark curly hair who ran things, and a handful of young men. one of them killed a little boy and then he stuffed the boy in a box near the ceiling in the corner of my room and took all my stuff out of the room and put it in some other girl's room. his blood was all over the walls and ceiling. i kept begging them to call 911 or an ambulance or a doctor but no one seemed to think there was a problem with leaving his body stuffed in the corner box, his legs bent over his body, backwards and broken so that from the front when it was open all you could see was his head and his feet. he had greasy blond hair, cut short, and glassy eyes but maybe that's because he was dead. i could feel his spirit's presence in the room and felt his anger, his want for revenge. his father gordon tried to lead a séance but the boy's spirit pushed me out of the room before it could be finished. i laid down in bed with the young man who killed the little boy. he wore purple underwear. i found my mom and asked her to take me home. we somehow got separated and she disappeared. i went to the bar and drank whiskey, as the guy next to me slumped over and passed out with his head on the bar table. suddenly i was with all the young men from the home again, and gordon was there, and we were running and raising a ruckus through an echoic warehouse. one of them told me he was afraid of me and i screamed, "of course you are. i cuss like a sailor and i'm fucking this guy," gesturing to gordon; we smiled at each other. back at the house, i tried to go into the room again. i hissed like a cat at the now malevolent spirit. he squirted blood out of the box onto me, up my left arm and in my hair. i was disgusted and washed it all off. there was gunfire outside. i went to look out and saw colonial British soldiers, dressed in purple coats and white pants, filing into town firing their muskets and killing civilians. gordon went to fight them and told me to run. i found my mom briefly and then lost her again. i ducked through the trees, looking over my shoulder. hidden in the brush, i watched the army descend into the heart of town, smoke from their weapons rising as they fired on. i ran to the other side of town to get away from them. i came upon a woman, lying battered and badly wounded, naked on a stone wall between the grass and the sidewalk. a cyclops was about to rape her and i grabbed her body, pulling her by the arms toward me, told him sharply, "leave her alone," and he backed away, afraid of me. i carried her over my shoulder through town, trying to avoid the gunfire. we made it out to the country in the dark. up ahead, i saw a scattered horde of zombies stumbling toward us at a slow gait. scared and tired, i shifted her body to carry her the way a soldier would carry his wounded comrade. i had a flash of the caps on my two front teeth, cracking and falling apart. at first, i was mortified and then was not and spit them out into my hands over a white sink, in front of a dirty mirror. i pulled black nails out of my lips. i returned to where i stood in the street with the woman on my back and realized she was dead, or about to die and wanted to die. i realized i was dreaming and thought, "fuck this, i'm ascending." i let her slip gracefully off my shoulders as i rose up into the sky. eventually, i was above it all and i could see it as a simple diagram, spinning clockwise and into itself at the same time, how the army came from the west of town, and the zombies were coming from the east and soon everyone would die. i moved up further into the darkness and decided to wake up—

THE BUKOWSKI METHOD

is when you wake up hung-over at ten a.m. on a Thursday,
contemplate in the shower
while trying to pull it together,
the merits of caffeine versus alcohol.
you get dressed and your equally hung-over roommate
says she's going to the Dev to get drunk and eat biscuits with gravy
so you say you'll go with her
but let's roll a joint first and drive around.
you stop at the corner store to get a Gatorade and a Coca-cola,
get high, share a cigarette outside the pub
when you get back into town,
sit down, order a beer and a shitty BLT,
think about dealing with responsibilities
but upon realizing you have only two pages left in your notebook,
you write this instead.

THE INVOCATION OF GAIA

great green Goddess of Greece,
the Four Corners of your diamond divinity
Mark the angles of Mason's Compass,
before he knew of Manhood.
you were there at the Beginning,
to birth yourself from Old Sea:
a singularity that collapsed into form.
from your Vulva pours words
with which to weld a waterfall,
to melt metal into flushed rapids
that carry warriors to meet Kharon.
you tend to vulture's carrion
and chickadee's cradle alike: death and life
meet where mouth of snake swallows its tail.
Come Forth from Shades of night:
Twelve Hours it takes Sun to become
reacquainted with his Unspoken Reflection,
and every day, forgets again.
blissful ignorance is to choose to ignore
visions of Prognostication,
to delight in the Fall from Mystery
and feel oneself to be enlightened
without knowing its meaning.
you laid with Elemental Forces
and from these unions
made many children over arcs of Earth:
your body, voluptuous bounty,
your fields, fruitful under rain of Sister Sky
who protects your physical form
while your spirit flies.
roots woman, rock mama, planet and playa
i want to Play your Dramaturgy,
adopt the Mask of your Power
and sound the Horn of Taurus
over Mount Olympus
to chant the forest into bawdy dancing,
prompt it to wonder at its own Majesty
in the Mirrors scribed by woodpeckers
at work over hidden echo ponds.
tadpoles lap at evolution,
a pool of bubbled eggs under a lilly pad
awaiting the day of Trans-formation:
maturation reptilian leap
across quantum entanglements,
tuning the harp of the universe
to be plucked by lady Minstrel,

one who turned away Royal stage of Fool's Court
to find a gritty audience in movement,
a dirty realism, more honest
than paintings commissioned by rich men—
it is hungry journeying
which most informs one's crafting of masterpiece.
every life is a story or poem or song,
incanted record of spell called consciousness
filtered through the lens of varied bodies.
your breasts are permafrost peaks,
your eyes, two lakes deep: i dive into them
and swim the Dark Matter behind Stars,
galaxy of gaseous nebula,
asteroid fields formed from fractured bone
(what was broken when Medusa begged
to be one of your Creatures
by her blasphemy of vengeful Aphrodite).
the gods since your son Zeus
have freaked unkind your Primordial Wilds,
set traps for beast and Gigantes.
how long have your sons warred with one another?
how long have your daughters beseeched for natural peace?
i pray to you, as i do all deities of mind,
how i find you inside—something happens
in asking the brain to light itself a fire:
combustion employs new neural pathways,
making maps based on previous adventures
(only educated estimates)
and altering them when necessary
by reality, and its magnetic tinges.
i walk on an empty highway overpass
running my hand along the jersey wall
dressed in your image,
drop rose petals, lavender, and clovers
into the River Styx below,
how all the waters want to return
to the center of gravity,
the heaviest metals of your belly
(what weighs against Feather
is not a burden if you let it settle into its heft).
milk maids tend to heifers,
and their bastard babes
steward raspberry bushes,
eating the ripest ones
while gathering the leaves
into a stained wicker basket
at their mothers' behest:
they will later brew a tea

